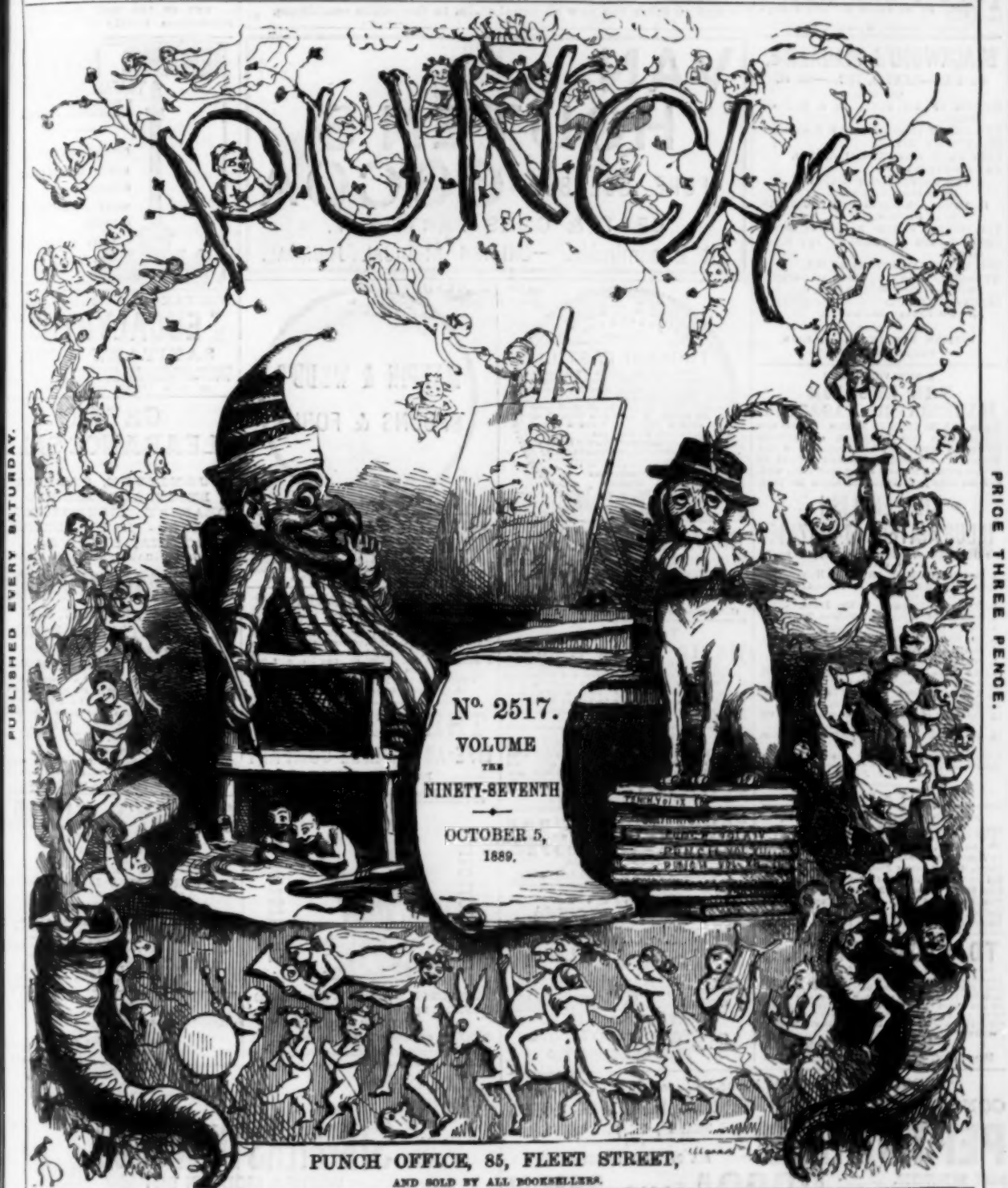


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V.

A CHAMBER causerie! Treasures trailing low,
 Cinchures unloosened, and un-knotted bow!
 "Our visible intrusion
 In such close sanctum," said my shadowy guide,
 "Might move the *morgue* of high patrician pride
 To fluttering confusion."

"Fear not! We shall not ruffle these fair doves.
 Their talk of *chiffons*, scandals, modish loves,
 Will scarce repay reporting. Observers, not ill-bred cave-droppers, we.
 But saw you ever a much loverlier three?"

She with the spaniel sporting
 "Is Lady BLANCHE, fiancée of an Earl.
 Cynical slang slipping through teeth of pearl
 With polished intonation
 Has quite a piquant charm. What brilliant 'chaff'!
 E'en *risqué* jests, borne on that limpid laugh,
 Disarm expostulation."

It rang the chamber through, that silvery peal.

No, from this nest its echoes may not steal
 On the world's ears unbidden:
 The outer world might else be over-wise.
 Caste has its esoteric mysteries
 In beauteous bosoms hidden.

Her talk's of Sport and Passion. Curious themes
 To share the interests and divide the dreams
 Of girlhood's days of gladness.

"Girlhood," my guide remarked, with his slow smile,
 "Is not Arcadian now or free from guile,—
 That's mere romantic madness."

"Here is no prim-lipped Eighteenth Century Miss,
 No meek *Amelia* whose ideal bliss
 Is *EVE's* before the apple.

There's naught from ZOLA or from IBSSEN down
 To PORTLAND's crack, or LANGTRY's latest gown,
 With which she will not grapple.

"Listen!" Their talk was sparkling, spiced with slang,
 And ripples cold of cynic laughter rang,
 An inarticulate chorus

To the New Comedy of modish life.
 The old *motifs*, Love, Leisure, Home and Wife,
 No longer lure, they bore us,

Nous autres.—"Ah, the Earl! He's well enough,
 Though my ideal is *not* the broad and bluff.
 He'd make a splendid Minister

Of Agriculture, NELL dear, would he not?
 Were WILFRID now—yes, yes, I know the blot.

Great bore is a bar sinister!

"Your Detrimentials always are divine.
 His voice, NELL, somehow stirs the soul like wine;

You—little—jealous noodle!

Well, take my 'tip,' dear, if I know wild WIL—
 And, yes, I think I do—he'll never thrill
 To passion playing poodle.



"He dropped no end on 'Donovan.' Perverse!
 My stolid Earl, now, made a splendid purse
 On the same race. He's lucky,
 But oh! it makes me hate his big red head,
 And, were I free as you, I'd sooner wed
 Your Titan from Kentucky!"

Knowingness, hot unrest, and shallow scorn
 Of high ideals and the lowly born
 Make promising equipment
 For budding womanhood. The "Shyppe of
 Fools," [Schools,
 Freight with products of some Social
 Would show a motley shipment.

Another chamber! Silent this and void
 Of loveliness and laughter. She ne'er toyed
 With Culture's pleasant voices,
 This hard-faced woman with the harpy look,
 Bending intent above—a betting-book,
 Dreaming of—odds and prices.

Delirious dreamings, such as ne'er were borne
 Through the old Gates of Ivory and Horn.

"The sphere of modern Vision
 Means mainly 'Speculation,'" quoth my guide,

"Its 'Golden Dreams' are guaranteed to hide
 All prospects more Elysian."

Her coarse be-ringed red hands a pencil grasp;
 Eyes keen and fierce as those of Egypt's asp
 Eagerly read and reckon.

Her fingers crook, her glances gleam and shift:
 From that absorbing page they scarce would
 Though Israel should beckon. [lift

"A Lady Bookmaker," my guide explained;
 "Late fruit of competition unrestrained
 Betwixt the warring sexes. [goal
 Surely, good friend, she looks toward that
 Concerning which his speculative soul
 The social quidnunc vexes.

"Sordid is she and subtle, coarse of speech,
 Braggart of mood. Has Manhood much to
 teach

Its swiftly rising rival? [fail,
 The gentler thing in Life's long war may
 But this she-creature hard, and rudely hale,
 May hope for long 'survival.'"

Hist! There's a stumbling foot upon the stair!

To that flushed face a look of pallid scare
 Comes, her full form seems shrunk.

An angry oath! Wild eyes the doorway scan.—

Some privileges still are left to Man,—
 At least when Man hath drunken.

(To be continued.)

A FALSE START.

(Song by a Secretary of State, some way after
 Rogers's, in the "Anti-Jacobin.")

Mr. B-L-F-E sings:—

WHEN now my own vague words I view,
 And see Gladstonians potting 'em,
 I wonder whether they'll be true,
 My clients, grateful for the U-
 -niversity I'm plotting 'em.

Teaching advantages less few
 They want; I schemed allotting 'em;
 But, bless me! things look all askew,
 Along of this confounded U-
 -niversity I'm plotting 'em.

Dissenters up in arms I view
 From Newcastle to Nottingham,
 E'en Churchmen hint it will not do,
 My unbaked notion of an U-
 -niversity I'm plotting 'em.

The Rads, of course, make wild halloo,
 Their guns, they're double-shooting 'em;
 And true-blue Tories look more blue,
 When called on to explain the U-
 -niversity, I'm plotting 'em.

The chances seem against it, too,
 Now carefully I'm totting 'em,
 And I must minimise—a few—
 My meaning as concerns that U-
 -niversity I'm plotting 'em.

Pious opinions may be true,
 'Tis risky work out-trotting 'em;
 And even I may get my gru-
 -el, if I do not drop that U-
 -niversity I'm plotting 'em.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"MANY have told," sings the old song, "of the Monks of old" a considerable amount of falsehoods which have been accepted as facts until the appearance of F. GASQUET's two volumes about HENRY THE EIGHTH and the dissolution of the Monasteries, which, we were brought up to believe, were already so dissolute as to render further dissolution superfluous. By the light of this work, carefully compiled from State Papers and indisputable documentary evidence, educators would do well to revise histories for the use of schools, and let the pupils know what a mild, merciful, generous, charitable, Christian King was the Eighth HENRY, and how candid, just, straightforward, forbearing, high-principled and unselfish were my Lord CROMWELL and his agents, who played "Old HARRY" with the "Monks of Old."

In connection with this subject see *Murray's Magazine* for this month, in which Archdeacon FARRAR, with more of his archness than usual, becomes the apologist of the new "Brotherhood of the Poor," with "vows of celibacy, poverty, and obedience." And the Archdeacon thinks this isn't Monastic! Lord GRIMTHORPE would probably call them imitation Monks, and would recommend them, instead of going to a Monastery, to set up in a Monky House. As to the costume, the Archdeacon doesn't say anything about this. The cowl will, of course, be worn. Why not adopt as the title of the New Order one already existing, and call them "Cowl-y" Brothers? Mrs. KENDAL is still giving her opinions. What is the value of her opinions? The answer is a sum in proportion. The Magazine costs a shilling, and as the part is to the whole, &c., &c. What a pity Mrs. KENDAL didn't advertise herself in America as "The Coming K—"! It sounds a trifle like The Comyns Carr, but this wouldn't have mattered—much.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

A SYMPOSIUM.

Sirs, let us sit in a ring, and praise ourselves,
Shut out the silence of a heedless age,
And, with the music of the mutual page,
Charm fortune and renown, reluctant elves.

Albeit our works adorn no alien shelves,
Such chill cannot repress the noble rage
That drives the poet from the public stage
To rare academies of tens and twelves.

I care not for your songs, nor ye for mine;
But honied patience stills the waiting pain,
Till each may tread the path the others trod.

When my turn comes, I will not stint one line;
Still will I read, though you have ears in vain,
To my high lullaby constrained to nod.

A RAIL AT A RAILWAY SYSTEM.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—I observe by your Correspondence from Aix-les-Bains that Sir MYLES FENTON, the able and enlightened Manager of the South-Eastern Railway, has been on a visit to French territory with the object of studying the management of French Railways, and learning what to avoid. I also see that there has recently been foregathered in the capital of France a Congress of Railway Magnates. What their particular business was is not clearly set forth. Incidentally they seem to have dined together a good deal, gone out on pic-nics, attended the Opera, observed the fountains playing at Fontainebleau, and requisitioned all the available hackney carriages, to the disturbance of the public peace. Herr von BLOWITZ, that great historiographer of our times, has related how one dinner which they sat down to could not have cost less than sixty francs a head, which, it seems, is all that need be said to describe a dinner. Being thus fortified in the inner man, and exhilarated in the spirit, I venture to suggest, for the experience and information of any still lingering in Paris, a short railway journey, which may be conveniently undertaken.

The line recommended is the *Ceinture* Railway, and the particular section, that which connects the Northern system of France with the Southern. For English travellers bound South, the *Ceinture* is not the least important link in the journey. The establishment of the line, a matter of recent accomplishment, was hailed with delight by old travellers. It promised something more than delivering wayworn passengers from the necessity of driving across Paris from the *Gare du Nord* to the *Gare de Lyons*. That involved, as a preliminary, the examination of baggage by the Custom-house officers at the station of arrival. With the new connecting railway the traveller might pass through Paris to his destination with his baggage intact. That was the design and intention. But the spirit which inspires railway management in France has brought this little line, girdling the centre of civilisation, into a condition of grotesque incapacity.

Take my lamentable case, Sir, coming and going. Arriving from London at the *Gare du Nord*, generous provision is made by the time-table for skirting Paris by the railway, dining at the *Gare de Lyons*, and leaving for the South at nine o'clock. You leave the Northern Station at 7.21, and arrive at the Southern at 8.17, allowing nearly three-quarters of an hour for dinner. The Circle Railway, after much puffing and groaning, delivered me at the *Gare de Lyons* with just ten minutes to spare before starting on the all-night journey southward. Impossible to get any dinner, only just time to change carriages. Returning, the Lyons mail was due shortly after seven o'clock in the morning, and arrived with commendable promptitude. The train for Calais left the *Gare du Nord* at 8.22. The interval was sufficient for an ordinary person to walk across Paris and catch his train. The Circle Railway brought us triumphantly in half an hour after the English train had started northward!

The system is so superbly stupid as to command admiration. No one seems to expect the train, and when it turns up at a station, or finds itself in some remote siding, it is treated with chilling indifference. One can always tell a comparatively new official by observing as we approach a slight raising of his eyebrows, his lips



L'EMBARRAS DU CHOIX.

(A Question of the Day.)

Miss Tabitha. "I WISH I COULD MAKE UP MY MIND WHICH TO TAKE, MR. SADLER! THE WIRE NET-WORK IS SAFER, BUT THEN THE BROWN LEATHER WITH LITTLE BRASS KNOBS IS SO MUCH MORE BECOMING—AND, BY JUST SNIPPING IT AT THE END, YOU KNOW, YOU LEAVE ALL THE FREEDOM NECESSARY FOR SELF-DEFENCE!"

forming the exclamation, "Hallo! Here's the Circle Train. Who'd have thought it." Older members of the staff take no notice, and after helplessly moving backwards and forwards, aimlessly waiting outside stations whilst processions of other trains pass in, the Circle Train, linking the two railway systems on one of the world's highways, dodders into the *Gare de Lyons*, or the *Gare du Nord* as the case may be, inevitably too late for the trains with which it is in the time-table connected with abundant provision of overtime.

Whilst the Railway Congressmen are taking this journey between the two stations, they will have full opportunity of dwelling upon the whole system of railway management in France; surely the most designedly offensive in the world. The principal object of the directors, faithfully interpreted by their subordinates, is to make the passenger uncomfortable whilst squeezing the uttermost farthing out of him. He is packed eight in a carriage if he goes by the ordinary first-class, mulct in a monstrous sum if he travels by *coupé*, charged a fabulous fee for sleeping accommodation, and treated throughout with an if-you-don't-like-it-leave-it air that contrasts sadly with the civility of the British guard and the effusive readiness of the English railway porter. Gentlemen of England who live at home at ease are in the habit of occasionally filling up their leisure time by writing letters denouncing the management of English railways. For my part, I confess that one of the sereneest moments of my life comes upon me when, having crossed the Channel after a severe course of Continental railways, I lean back in a carriage on the Chatham and Dover or the South-Eastern Line, and am swiftly and comfortably whirled to London.—Yours, Sir, with all respect,

Travellers' Club.

A RETURNED NATIVE.

ADVICE GRATIS.—The French Exhibition closes some time in October. To all who cannot visit Paris, and to those who "have been there, but still can't go," Mr. Punch, knowing that they already possess the special edition of Mr. Punch in Paris, confidently recommends *The Paris Exposition*, published by SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO. No. 4, recently issued, is a first-rate specimen. Visitors will be in time for the Highland Games in Paris, where the kilted chiefs are going to stop a week and have their fling.

A DEVONIAN PERIOD.

To Bideford—Westward Ho!—Toying—Shakespeare's Summary.

Bideford.—Chiefly remarkable for its bearing a dirty, sloshy, river-side resemblance to Mayence, and for having a first-rate hotel, with a most interesting old oak-panelled dining-room in it, two hundred years old, with a curiously carved ceiling. There are also cells below with grated air-holes and heavy doors, in which were confined the Cavalier prisoners when the Roundheads had the upper-hand, but now used as cellars, in which not Cavaliers but Roundheads are stowed away in the shape of casks of wine. A quaint old Inn, with such modern Continental improvements as remind me, in a small way, of the Hôtel St. Antoine at Antwerp. In the old oak-panelled room, with the strangely-decorated ceiling, KINGSLEY wrote the greater part of his *Westward Ho!*—at least, so we are told. The information doesn't interest me personally, as I never could get through the greater part of *Westward Ho!* From Bideford we went on to Westward Ho! a short and rather pretty drive.

Westward Ho!—Here is a Kingsley inn, Kingsley tradesmen,—none of them apparently doing a big business,—a Kingsley village,



Westward Ho! Lively Scene.

as it were, in a very poor way, but with an idea about it of trying to live up to its reputation and failing; a desolate-looking Kingsley College, without any Kingsley students, so we were informed; and, as part and parcel of the building, is a Kingsley College Chapel,—sounding so pleasantly like King's College Chapel, but very few collegians, if any, to attend its services. Then we arrive at a fine hotel in point of size, as dreary externally as a model lodging-house, but, internally, comfortably furnished, with the finest billiard-rooms you could wish to see. A stretch of low-lying flat coast, such as you would expect in Holland, or between Pegwell, Sandwich, and Deal, offers a splendid ground for the increasing number of golfers.

The houses about seem to have been planned by different architects, each one of whom tried to outdo the other in building something uglier and drearier than the last.

"Oho!" a fresh architect seems to have said to himself, as he viewed the most recent work of a rival, "he thought he could make a dull and dreary building, did he? Bah! I'll show 'em what dullness and dreariness mean;" and at once he set to work to do it, and succeeded.

Magni nominis umbra.—the shadow of the once great name of KINGSLEY has fallen on this place, and Westward Ho! is in the shade, and there it is likely to remain until the enterprising firm of ENERGY, CAPITAL AND TACT take the place in hand, and make it into a success. Messrs. MACMILLAN, with their new and cheap re-issue of CHARLES KINGSLEY's works, which, as I see, is having a big sale, have revived KINGSLEY's fame, but whether this will do anything for the place remains to be seen. Westward Ho? Westward Ho No! Let me go more Northwards to Barnstaple, where a large quantity of the furniture that reaches the London market is made, and where also there is a manufactory of toys,—an industry at once interesting and pathetic in its practice. Here is a civil, sharp boy,

hard at work making handles for skipping-ropes; here a bent old woman putting green paint on the upper part of fancy brushes; here an active, intelligent lad busily engaged in working a lathe which rapidly turns the skipping-rope handles round and round, whirling them against his paint-brush, from which they take the symmetrical lines of blue, yellow, and vermillion. Think of the boys working at them, and then of the hundreds of children playing with these skipping-rope handles in lanes, courts, alleys, parks, and where not!

There in the corner is a cheery Dickensian character, an old hand

at toys, a genuine *Caleb Plummer*—I hope there is no *Tackleton* about. He has been at this sort of work for forty years, having commenced at Tunbridge, and worked at the Tunbridge Ware until the Tunbridge Ware was nowhere, and then he migrated here. He will tell you that the English trade in toys is very limited, and that, with the exception of a few *spécialités* at Barnstaple, among which are Pope Joan boards, richly painted,—who nowadays plays Pope Joan?—and Aunt Sallies' heads for drawing-room practice, the toy-trade has fallen almost exclusively into the hands of the Germans.

We travel down to the end of the South-Western line as far as Torrington—a lovely run—then back to Bideford and Barnstaple, and then through scenery with which we are now growing more and more familiar, and about which, in spite of the proverbial consequence of familiarity, even COPLEY MARKHAM—who insists upon comparing everything with what he has seen abroad, to the disadvantage of what he is seeing in England—is already speaking in terms of respectful admiration. He is beginning to be impressed by the height of the rocks, by the colour, by the bold outlines, by the woods, the flowers, the hedges, the green fields of pasture, and the glorious sea. Once he admitted that "the sea is something you can't get in Switzerland."

Miss BRONDERLY says, "Of all the dreary-looking—well—but even that pebble reach you see at a distance only looks like a lot of periwinkles. Facing the Atlantic, it ought to be bracing, but give me Ilfracombe, the Torrs' Walks, the penn'orths of sunset, the ride in a donkey-chaise to Lee, a few people to speak to, and Lundy Island between me and America! that's good enough for this poor benighted creature," and off she goes in a convulsion of laughter at the idea of her ever being asked to live in such a place as Westward Ho! Our Own Mr. COOK says it has its advantages, but he does not specify them. Miss FRIXTON, a young lady who makes a point of differing with everybody on any subject, raises her eyebrows with her usual air of surprise, and says, "I rather like it. I should enjoy living at Westward Ho!" And Our Own Mrs. COOK, whose one aim in life is to make everything pleasant, and to smooth over all differences of opinion, observes that she "wouldn't mind staying there a short time if she were compelled to do so, and that no doubt it would be an excellent place for children."

This last recommendation I notice is generally brought in as a saving clause, after a place has been pretty generally abused; just as when everyone has agreed that somebody or other is an unmitigated scoundrel, a charitable person deprecates so sweeping a condemnation by observing, "Well, I've heard that he has done some very kind actions; so he can't be entirely bad."

When SHAKESPEARE wrote the line—"Dreary, flat, stale, and unprofitable," he must have had Westward Ho! in his prophetic eye. But for the effervescent enthusiasm aroused by KINGSLEY, the place, as a quiet out-of-the-way go-as-you-please locality, might have done well enough in its season, and a trifle to spare, but *trop de zèle* has temporarily arrested its progress.

The Retort Courteous.

Addressed to exulting Gladstonians, jubilant at their finding themselves at Steaford, "As in 1885."

MADE it hot for old CHAPLIN? If you want him to totter,—Well,—the next time, my good friends, you had best make it OTTER!

EXTRACT FROM THE BALCARRES' BIRTHDAY-BOOK (ETON EDITION).

"Is half-lafing better than no breeding?"

"All play and no work, is what Lower Boy wants to shirk."

At the "Sock" Shop.—Great distinction between an Eton Boy and an Eating Boy. But a Half-Eton Boy is a miserable creature.

APPROPRIATE SUBJECT.—In the October number of that artistically got-up Magazine, *The Woman's World*, edited by Mr. OSCAR WILDE, there is an article with the heading "Spoons." Out of four pictures of "Spoons" here given, three are single. In the fourth plate,—which is a large one, holding five spoons,—there are two pairs, and one odd spoon out. The history, so far, of "Spoons" is most interesting. What will be the next subject? Mashers?

THEATRICAL ETIQUETTE.—Would it be correct to address the Lessee of the Haymarket and his wife as "Yew Trees"?



Caleb Plummer the Second.



Artist in Colour painting Skipping-rope Handles.

FROM THE ADELPHI TO DRURY LANE.

It must be confessed that it is not surprising to find, in one of the principal scenes of Messrs. SIMMS and PETTIT'S "new" drama, the Swan of Avon turning his back upon the characters. Certainly the work of the stock playwrights of the Adelphi on this occasion is



A "Scene" in Leicester Square.

scarcely Shakspeare form. In fact *London Day by Day* (with a title evidently suggested by a standing column in a popular morning newspaper) reminds one more of the *Family Herald* than the Gentle Bard. Perhaps the piece is none the worse for that—at the Adelphi. The plot is simple enough. A gentleman called, amongst other names, *De Belleville*, imagines that he is the elder brother of the hero of the piece. But it is unnecessary to pursue this point further, as it leads to nothing. The hero of the piece gets into the hands of some unscrupulous money-lenders, and, with the assistance of the villain, backs an accommodation bill. But it is superfluous to further refer to this matter, as it leads to nothing. The Heroine No. 1 of the piece, wrongfully accused of a theft, as the holder of a ticket of leave, neglects to report herself to the police. But this too, is an affair of no great importance, which leads to nothing. The Heroine No. 2 of the piece lives in Leicester Square—apparently because she thinks she should, as she has married a Frenchman,—and, having abused her husband, gets murdered. But, as a matter of fact, the murder leads to nothing. Then we are introduced to some dear old Adelphi guests—quite the genuine articles—walking about together twos and twos, courteously explaining to one another the beauties



Good Old Adelphi Guests behave in the Good Old Fashion.

of the furniture—in a Bohemian Club, where the hero insults the villain, and the father of the hero (a General, in complete evening dress, save the gloves, which are of purple kid) calls the Villain a liar. But this, again, is merely a detail, and (as usual) leads to nothing. Then we are shown a scene depicting life in a police court (nothing in it), and the exterior of the Docks. In this last cheerful locality all the characters appear. They seem to be suffering from a weird mania, which takes the unusual shape of a wild desire to quit their native land as passengers on board the *Bordeaux* boat. Then the Villain is arrested, and the Hero and Heroine No. 1 plight their troths. Both events afford great satisfaction to the General in the purple gloves, who raises his imperial-hued hands to give a benediction. But the benediction leads to a very pleasant something indeed—the final fall

of the Curtain! Of the acting much may be said in praise—by those who are pleased with it. For instance, Mr. ALEXANDER will be considered excellent, no doubt, by those who are weary of the robust style of Mr. TERRISS, and prefer something more delicate. M. MARIUS is a most agreeable villain, and Miss MARY RORKE as a murdered woman renders valuable assistance to the management by not moving a muscle when the stage-carpenters carry her bodily off as a bit of scenery while changing an interior into an exterior in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square. For the rest, it may be hinted that the false nose of Mr. L. RIGNOLD, as a Hebrew usurer, is not (as "W. A." would put it) "entirely convincing." Still with all its many merits—its clever characterisation, its sufficient illustration, its welcome "guests"—*London Day by Day*, is not quite the play to see *Night by Night* for many evenings without a certain sense of weariness.

That *The Royal Oak* at Drury Lane should have excellent scenery, capital *mise-en-scène*, and good acting, goes without saying, for is not *DEURIOLANUS imperator* at that admirable temple of the Drama? Since the first night the play has been out to very great advantage, for it is possible to have too much of a good thing. Perhaps it may be a little above the heads of the Stalls as a historical drama; but if it is, as a natural consequence it should be quite to the taste of the Dress Circle, Upper Boxes, and Gallery. From a literary point of view, it is quite worthy of the National Theatre, and gives a very good notion of the condition of affairs in 1651. The great scene of the *Royal Oak* is a magnificent stage picture, and the excitement of the chase after CHARLES THE SECOND is effectively combined with what may be aptly termed the humours of a comic luncheon-party. The final *tableau* of *Tower Hill* is valuable as a lifelike representation of an execution in the seventeenth century. As the piece contains all the ingredients of a sensation drama of the better class, it will be a matter not only of surprise but disappointment if it does not keep its place in the bills until the time arrives for clearing the stage for the grand Christmas Pantomime.

"SWEET SPIRIT, HEAR MY PRAYER!"

John Bull. Stay, Spirit of Light, the most scintillant star

In the glorious Star-spangled Banner—by far,
Stay, Spirit of Light, yet awhile, and convince
FERRANTI, and PENDER, and GORDON, and INCE,
And other, my own lesser lights, if you may,
That obscurantism—in Lighting—won't pay.

Edison. Nay, BULL, my well-meaning but blinkered old 'oss,
You must do that yourself, or put up with the loss.

I have dropped you some tips, you must just make the best of them;

Time—at your own plodding pace—must be test of them.
I've kindly admitted you still have some "go,"
But you haven't yet mastered the big Dynamo.

John Bull. No, that's what I fear; my own knowledge is scanty,
And I can't decide between you and FERRANTI;
But, if we are licked by Berlin, I must try
To stir up the slugs of the "London Supply."

Edison. Ah! do so, dear boy; you are slow to begin,

But when you have once made a start you may win—

Oh! that wink was quite friendly!—you ask Sir JOHN PENDER—

And I wouldn't tread upon corns that are tender.

The sprite Electricity's wide in its action,

Why shouldn't you use it for lifts and for traction?

Electrical Railroads—we've thousands of miles

In the States—you ignore, and a Yankee it riles

To travel half-choked in your "Underground" Tophet,

Which lasts in defiance of pleasure and profit.

Britons must have a love for discomfort and mull, for

They stick like grim death to dark, choke-damp and sulphur!

John Bull. Then stay, Spirit, stay, till my guides are enlightened!

Edison. Great Scott, what a prospect! I feel fairly frightened.

No, no, JOHN, I'm off. You are muddled, no doubt,

By Monopoly, Prejudice, all the old rout

Of obstructives that tangle your pathway like wires,

But putting your foot down is all it requires.

Au revoir! I can't stay any longer this bout,

I am off to invent something else; and no doubt

By the time I come back with a startler or two,

You'll have got London lighted. But, hurry up, do!

For I can't make a pause in the Progress I love

Till the big British Behemoth chooses to move.

Ta-ta! You can do fairly well, if you try.

For the present, you dear darned Old Country, good-bye!

"MINING ROYALTIES."—There's a Commission at work to look after these interests at home. Abroad the Ultra Reds constitute themselves into a Commission for Undermining Royalties.



'ARRY CAUGHT NAPPING AT LAST.

ON HIS WAY HOME FROM THE PARIS EXHIBITION. OUR ARTIST MAKES A STUDY OF HIS HEAD FOR THE PROJECTED ILLUSTRATIONS TO GULLIVER AMONG THE HOUTHNHENMS, WITH (HAPPY THOUGHT!) THE "YABBOOS" ALL DRAWN FROM NATURE.

"PAS DE QUATRE."

(As danced before the French F'ectorate by M. le Président Carnot, M. le Comte de Paris, Prince Jérôme Napoleon, and General Boulanger.)

Oh, what a mazy dance is ours around the electoral urns,
Every one of us fired with hope, all feet to the front in turns!
Oh, what a four-fold, eight-legged spin, a slack-limbed, nimble-toed
prance!

Elastic as hickory.

Oh, Terpaichore!

Can't—we—dance?

See how we *pirouette*, our legs all different ways!

Who can follow our steps in the Cerito, merry-toe maze?

Altogether, yet all apart,

Each on his separate hook;

Splendid style, most superior art!

Wins all the world to look.

Oh, what a crazy dance is ours, beating the Can-can hollow!

Which of the legs belongs to whom 'tis terribly hard to follow.

Isle of Man penny not in it with us at circumvoluting spin!

Saltatorious!

Isn't it glorious?

Which—will—win?

MENDELSSOHN'S "*Rosmer*" knew all steps from minuets down to
reels,

But not even he had a chance with us at the game of toes and heels.
Even FRED VOKES, with his legs like spokes in the wheel of Ixion
atwirl

Had no look-in with us.

Who could spin with us

Our—wild—whirl?

CARNOT capers in front—how long will he keep his place?—

Excellent *Faute-de-Mieux*—in the circumambulant race?

M. le Comte is pat and prompt,

FLON-PLON is spinning like steam,

And oh, le *Brav' Général*, spite of a limp,

He dances on in a dream.

Ah, what a *Pas de Quatre* is ours, a dizzy, delirious dance!
Which now, I wonder, will take the *pas* in the final judgment of
France?

CARNOT looks confident—thinks he wins—but, seeing how much we

How long may chances last,

Ere our dear France's last

Choice—is—fixed?

"WE" AT SEA.

THE infusion of personalism in British Journalism, in a considerable measure the growth of pernicious influence burrowing in Northumberland Street, crops up in an unexpected quarter. The *Daily News* has a leading article giving a detailed and graphic account of how a yacht cleared the Skerries, and safely anchored in Pentland Firth. At the critical moment, "when we can hear the thunder of the surge, and the roar of the sea against Lother Reef," the following passage occurs:—

"The skipper crams his pipe into his pocket, and runs aft to take the helm. 'She can't do it; get the spinnaker off her, JOHN!' We take in the broad and flapping sail as best we may."

Of course it is no secret that the Editor of the *Daily News*, a brother Journalist of whom we are all proud, received at the baptismal font the name of JOHN. That the skipper, having crammed his pipe in his pocket, should snap out the name, is reasonable enough. But that the incident should, in its colloquial form, be reported in the leading columns of a staid journal is, to say the least, unusual. Since, however, it has been done, we confess to a feeling of regret that the *Daily News* is not yet an illustrated paper. We should like to see a good sketch of J. K. R. adjusting his spectacles before tackling the spinnaker, and proceeding to wrestle with the broad and flapping sail, surrounded by an admiring circle, including "the heron and the curlew, the seals that bask upon the shore, and the cormorants that dive in mid-channel."

THE "HIGHER EDUCATION" IN MUSIC.—Hire your piano (three years' system), and then hire your music-master.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—OCTOBER 3, 1889.



“PAS DE QUATRE.”

AS DANCED BY MM. LE PRESIDENT CARNOT, COMTE DE PARIS, PRINCE JÉRÔME NAPOLEON, AND LE BRAVE GÉNÉRAL.

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THE NEW TYRANNY.

"OF COURSE YOU NEEDN'T WORK, FITZMILKOPPE; BUT PLAY YOU MUST, AND SHALL!"

AN ETON LOAFER'S DIARY.

Friday, September 27.—Dear Mamma has just left me, but if I feel at all unhappy she has promised to take me away. The Governor's last words were, "I'm not going to have RICHARD'S time for reading and his own amusements usurped by athletic tyrants. Some of these hulking bullies will want to make him play Football. Football, forsooth! Look at me. If I had wasted my youth on any of these nonsensical games, I shouldn't be half the man I am." "Probably he wouldn't," said JACK, "for he scales near 20 stone as it is." My Cousin JACK, a new boy like me, is awfully keen to play Football. It's my private opinion that JACK'S an ass.

Now I never cared for Football. So Mamma has got her Doctor to say I am not fit to play; and I'm not to get up at seven o'clock in the cold mornings for early school, but to keep in bed till the room gets properly warmed, and the maid brings my hot water; and I'm not to sit in a draughty pupil-room; and I'm not to do any fagging, because I might scald myself bringing up kettles, or catch a chill after toasting before a blazing fire. Besides, Mamma fears the big boys might be rough with me. So I ought to have a good time.

Saturday.—Was waked by noise of fellows running into school. Lay in bed for two hours. Very glad I hadn't to go out into the cold. Maid forgot my hot water; room didn't seem to get any warmer. Scalded myself making my own tea.

JACK said I was a fool to funk fagging: his fagmaster was a ripper, and had given him a cold grouse that he didn't want for breakfast.

After Twelve.—All the other Lower Boys went to pupil-room. Was just strolling out, when my Tutor nailed me; gave me a lot of *Sertum* to do in my own room.

After Four.—A Lower Boy Game. Told the Captain of the House I was forbidden to play. He only said, "Poor beggar; what on earth do you mean to do? Lively time you'll have of it." Having nothing better to do, went up to town to ROWLAND'S. Had three blackberry messes, scolloped prawns, ices, oyster patties, and meringues and cream. First good meal since I came to Eton. Better fun this than trotting about after a dirty ball.

Five o'Clock School.—Room very cold. Fools who had been playing, all said it was hot, and asked to have door open.

Sunday.—Very dull. Other fellows talk of nothing but "rouges" and "bullies." There seem to be a good many "bullies" here; some of them are said to be "loose bullies," and others are dangerous. JACK went for a

walk with two fellows from another House. He said they were pals of his whom he got to know from playing in the same game. Could hardly sleep last night: afraid I don't get enough to eat.

Monday.—No sleep. Laid in a stock of melons and tinned lobster to keep me going. Have no appetite for meals. Eton seems a very dull place. Nothing to do except sock. I suppose the Governor means me to read; but there aren't any books of the sort I like in our House Library, and it's too much trouble to go up town and buy novels.

Tuesday.—Nothing to do. Rather seedy. Tried some fresh sock-shops. JACK rather shy of me. Said he didn't like to be seen with a fellow who did nothing but sock; said he expected I would be called "Mamma's Crumb-pet," or "Muffins," if I became a permanent "loaf."

Wednesday.—Felt very bad. Asked Matron if I couldn't go home. Doctor came, and vowed I had over-eaten myself. What rot! Why, Mamma is always complaining of my poor appetite! He said I was as strong as a young horse, and only wanted early rising, regular meals, and lots of exercise. I call it a howling shame.

After Six.—My Tutor confiscated my melons and tinned lobster.

Thursday.—My Tutor has been influenced by the idiot of a Doctor. Sent for me, and said he wouldn't stand any more malingering (that was his brutal word). "You shall obey the same rules as other boys," he says, "for a week; and, if your health breaks down, you're not fit for school-life." Told him my constitution wouldn't stand Football; that I had dyspepsia and nervous headaches. "So have I," says my Tutor. "But I play Football."

Friday.—Compelled to go into early school; managed to eat some breakfast, first time for several days. Captain of the House made me his fag. Sent me to "Little Brown's" for kidneys, and gave me some. Said, if I wanted help with my "extra work" I might come to him. N.B.—Not such a brutal tyrant as I expected.

To-day a match between my Tutor's Lower Boys and another Tutor's. Ours being a small House, I was needed to make up the eleven; my fagmaster said, he would let me off fagging to-morrow if I played well. Is this a piece of the tyrant's treachery?

Didn't quite understand the rules, but kicked the ball against one of the opposite side, and it went over their line, and I tumbled on the top of it, and our fellows all shouted, "Well touched! that's a rouge." After that I played up like one o'clock; thought I should burst, but managed to save a goal. All my side swore I was a hero, and ought to try for my House-colours. Captain of our Lower Boys asked me to tea with him; sausages very good.

Went to pupil-room. My Tutor who had been watching in South Meadow, congratulated me before all his pupils on my brilliant play.

Drew pen-and-ink sketches of him—mild but magnificent, on desk under cover of dictionaries. Better fun this than grinding in my own room.

Saturday.—Slept like a top, and went into early school as fit as a prizefighter.

My Tutor asked if I wanted to go home. I said, "No, Sir. Eton's the jolliest place in the world." But I didn't think so when I was a "loaf."

A Nursery Rhyme for the Breakfast Table.

MAKE a loaf, bake a loaf, Baker's Man!
But, please, set about it on some cleaner plan,
Go home and wash, and keep your nights free,
And then what you bake will be relished by me!

GOOD old Mrs. R., was recommended by one of her nephews, who is on the Stock Exchange, to take a few shares in the Company formed for raising the Treasure Ship, but she said that she thought she should prefer a few in the "Bullion Fleet," which must necessarily have a better chance than only one Ship.

"A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT."—See *Burns' Works Complete*. Docks Edition. Edited by H.E. Card. MAN-NING, the LORD MAYOR, and S. BUXTON, M.P.



SOLVENT!

Poulterer (to New Page from "The Hall," who had been sent for a Brace o' Birds).
 "DO THEY WANT 'EM TRussed?"
 Page. "TRUST!" (Indignantly.) "No! D'YE THINK WE CAN'T— HERE,
 I'LL PAY FOR 'EM!"

A REAL "VEGETABLE" CONFERENCE.

[Mr. J. WRIGHT, at the "Vegetable Conference," read a paper on "The Food of Vegetables."]

Turnip. They tell us, at the Conference at Chiswick, We Vegetables need both food and physic.

Potato. True; and the fact my mind, dear friend, much

causes—
 I trust they'll try to doctor my diseases,
 I'm such a dreadful invalid!

Turnip. Ah! chronic.

Potato. Now, my dear Turnip, do not be laconic.

I know I'm like my patron, PADDY, troublesome—

Turnip. Well, do not dwell on your complaints—it doubles 'em!

Potato. Don't! I could cry my eyes out at your chilliness.

Turnip. Now, don't get "waxy." Mealy-mouthed soft silliness

Won't help you—or the Irishmen, you know.

You do not want more land—you want more hoe.

Potato. You BALFOUR of the beds, I Aoe you one!

Turnip. Fancy a tuber stooping to a pun!

But Irishmen are good at owing. Paying

Is much less in their line.

Potato. What are you saying?

Well, Mr. WRIGHT assures us, I declare,

We Vegetables mostly live on air,

That ninety out of every hundred parts

Of that which lifts our heads and swells our hearts

Is "atmospheric food," which simply passes

Into our—stomachs say—from rain and gases.

Poor PAT might pay the Landlord every quarter,

If he, like us, could live on air and water.

Turnip. Oh, he lives on the "gas" of agitators,

Who of his soil are the worst cultivators.

BALFOUR's "cold water" works some wondrous cures.

Potato. I prefer GLADSTONE's nourishing manures.

Quick-acting nitrates, sulphates and ammoniates—

Turnip. Pooh! What PAT MURPHY longs for, MIKE

MOLONEY hates.

How can you feed—or physic—such a crop,

So changeful, so capricious?

Potato. Oh, do stop!

You cold and squashy creature, you're unable

To understand my vegetable fable.

Turnip. One thing I understand, 'tis that in general,

We feed on gas and matters moist and mineral,

So that it seems—'twill fog the new sectarians—

That Vegetables are not Vegetarians!

GAGGING THE DRAMATIST.

WITHOUT referring to the rights and wrongs of the Gilbert v. Boosey case, every Dramatist must sympathise with any popular dramatic author who wishes to prevent the performance of one of his pieces to which the actors have "left but the name" of the author as an attraction on the play-bill. There are some leading actors who will and can gag, and who are uncommonly happy in impromptus which subsequently become stereotyped as part and parcel of the piece.

What is rarely, if ever, justifiable, is the introduction of the slang of to-day in any piece (not being Extravaganza or Opéra bouffe) the action of which is cast in an earlier century.

Take, for example, GOLDSMITH's *She Stoops to Conquer*. The actress cast for Mrs. Hardcastle would be scarcely justified in introducing modern variations of this sort:—

ORIGINAL TEXT.

Hastings. Never there! You amaze me! From your air and manner I concluded you had been bred all your life either at Ranelagh, St. James's, or Tower Wharf.

Mrs. Hardcastle. O! Sir, you're only pleased to say so; but who can have a manner that has never seen the Pantheon, the Grotto Gardens, the Borough, and such places, where the nobility chiefly resort.

IMPROMPTU GAG.

Hastings. Never up in Town! You astonish me. Why, from your style, I should say that you had passed all your life in Brompton Square or Bayswater.

Mrs. Hardcastle. O! come now, you're chaffing! but who is up to any style that has never done the Aquarium, Crystal Palace, and a West-End Music-hall or two, and such places as are patronised by the Upper Ten.

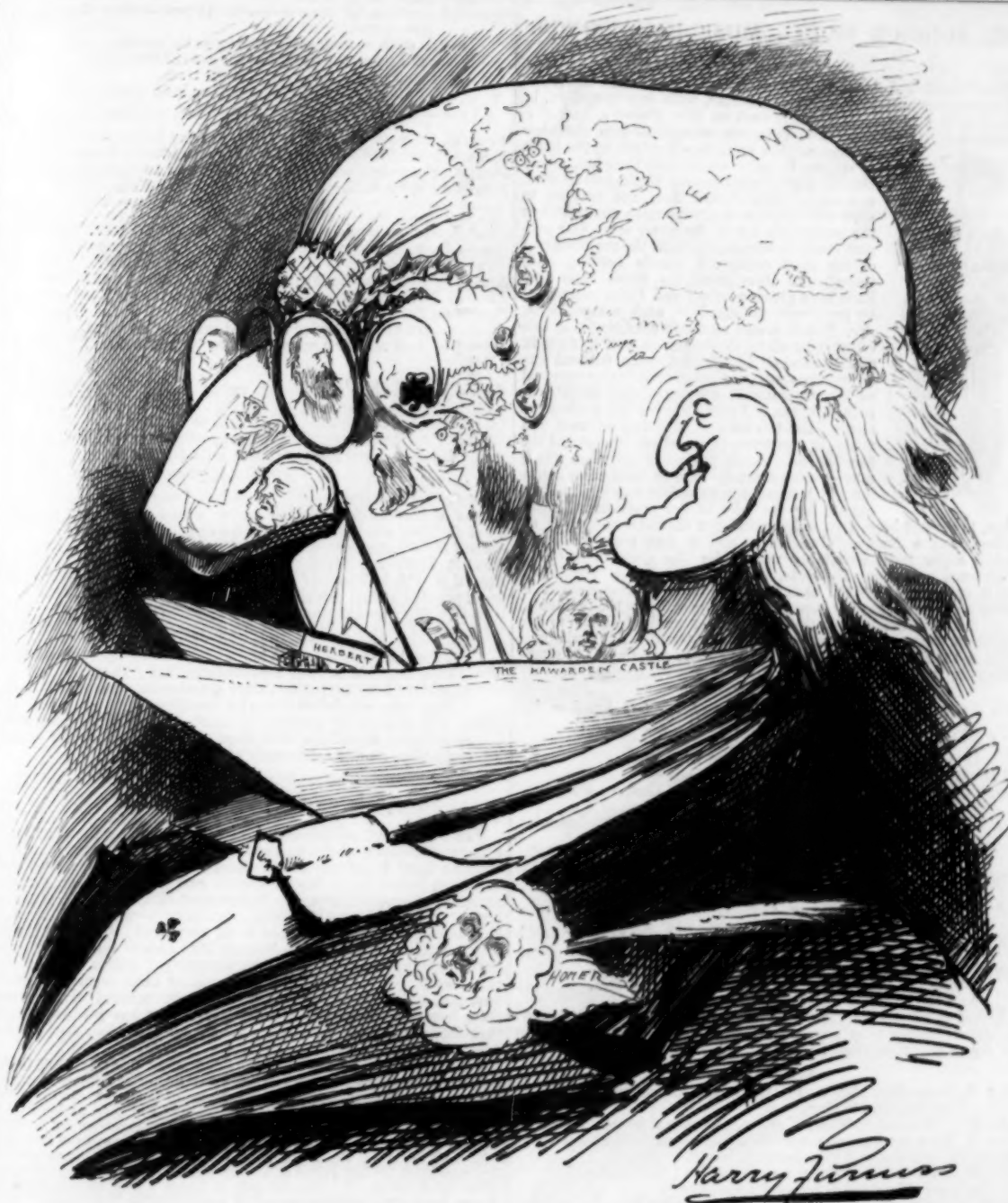
In like fashion Dangle, in *SHERIDAN's Critic*, where he is running over the headings of the day's news, might be disposed to modernise the items as follows,—the gag being given parallel with the original:—

Dangle (reading). "Brutus to Lord North. Letter the Second. On the State of the Army—"
 Paha! * * * "Genuine extract of a letter from St. Kitt's. Coxheath Intelligence. It is now asserted that Sir Charles Hardy—"
 Dangle (reading). "Cassius to Chapin. Third Letter on the new Board of Agriculture—"
 Stuff! * * * "Doings on the Congo. Newmarket Intelligence. Compulsory Athletics at Public Schools. Old Etonian writes—"

Roderigo, in *Othello*, might add a little more "go" to the livelier passages of the part, by announcing his intention of giving Cassio "two lovely black eyes," and *Hamlet* could introduce, "When you come to think of it" into his metaphysical soliloquy, or allude to *Ophelia* as "one of the angelic choir."

Such gagging is enough to make "the Ghost walk" at other times besides Saturday's treasury. What are we to think of the shock administered to the feelings of the living dramatist who drops in, after his piece has been running a month or two, to find his finest pet passages either mutilated out of all recognition, or else, perhaps, cut out altogether, while roars of laughter are greeting some catch-word or interpolated bit of "business," for which he is not only not responsible, but shudders on hearing, regarding it as a positive literary blemish and exorcism on his work? Perhaps an author might get his protection and remedy in the play-bill, which could give his name as the original author of the drama in question, and announce that "the introduced gags this evening will be by Messrs. GUFFAW, SIDESPLITTER, WAGSTAFF, MUMMER, and MUGGEL." There's something in this suggestion—"when you come to think of it."

ODD ASSOCIATION.—In Pall Mall, in front of a house not far from Cookspur Street, a board was up last week announcing the location of the Office of "The Lady Guides," and, immediately underneath it, was another board, with the simple words, "Giddy and Giddy." Coincidence!



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 1.

"Maria Wood," or Fire-wood?

COUNCILMAN! To Maria Wood
Fidelity thou sworest.
If thee the river doth not please,
Shouldst thou prefer the shady
trees
For rest? Shun good Maria Wood,
And go to Epping Forest!

Puzzle-Headed People Series. No. 1.

WHAT is this Grand Head made of?
Examine it well,
And soon you'll tell
What the Grand Head is made of.

BOULANGISM IN ENGLAND.—The threatened
Bakers' Strike.

Friar Farrar's Chant.

(To a well-known Refrain.)

Vow for a year, Vow for a day;
But alas for the Vow that vows away.

DIVISION OF POLITICIANS.—Leaders of
Writers, and Writers of "Leaders."

MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

No. IX.—THE DUETTISTS.

THE "Duet and Dance" form so important a feature in Music-hall entertainments, that they could hardly, with any propriety, be neglected in a model compilation such as *Mr. Punch's*, and it is possible that he may offer more than one example of this blameless diversion.

For some reason or other, the habit of singing in pairs would seem to induce a pessimistic tone of mind in most Music-hall artistes, and—why, *Mr. Punch* does not pretend to say—this cynicism is always more marked when the performers are of the softer sex. Our present study is intended to fulfil the requirements of the most confirmed female sceptic, and, though the Message of the Music-halls may have been given worthier and fuller expression by pens more practised in such compositions, *Mr. Punch* is still modestly confident that this ditty, with all its shortcomings, can be sung in any Music-hall in the Metropolis without exciting any sentiment other than entire approval of the teaching it conveys. One drawback, indeed, it has, but that concerns the performers alone. For the sake of affording contrast and relief, it was thought expedient that one of the fair duettists should profess an optimism which may—perhaps must—tend to impair her popularity. A conscientious artiste may legitimately object, for the sake of her professional reputation, to present herself in so humiliating a character as that of an *ingénue*, and a female "Juggins"; and it does seem as if the Cynical Sister must inevitably monopolise the sympathies of an enlightened audience. However, this difficulty is less formidable than it appears; it should be easy for the Unsophisticated Sister to convey a subtle suggestion here and there, possibly in the incidental dance between the verses, that she is not really inferior to her partner in smartness and knowledge of the world. But perhaps it would be the fairest arrangement if the Sisters could agree to alternate so ungrateful a rôle.

First Sister (placing three of the Angers of her left hand on her heart, and extending her right arm in timid appeal).
Dear Sister, of late I'm beginning to doubt
If the world is as black as they paint it.
It mayn't be as bad as some try to make out—
Second Sister (with an elaborate mock courtesy). That is a discovery! Mayn't it?

First S. (abashed). I'm sure there are sev'ral who aren't a bad lot,
And some sort of principle seem to have got,
For they act on the square—
Second S. Don't you talk tommy-rot!
It's done for advertisement, ain't it?

Refrain.

Second S. Why, there's nobody at bottom any better than the rest!
First S. Are you sure of it?

Second S. I'm telling you, and I know,
The principle they act upon 's whatever pays 'em best,
And the only real religion now is—Rhino!
[The last word must be rendered with full metallic effect. A step-dance, expressive of conviction on one part and incipient wavering on the other, should be performed between the verses.]

Second Verse.

First S. (returning, shaken, to the charge). Some unmarried men
lead respectable lives.

Second S. (decisively). Well, I've never happened to meet them!

First S. There are husbands who're always polite to their wives.

Second S. Of course—if their better halves beat them!

First S. Some tradesmen have consciences, so I've heard said;

Their provisions are never adulterated,
But they treat all their customers fairly instead.

Second S. 'Cause they don't find it answer to cheat them!

Refrain.

First S. {What?

Second S. {No.—They're none of 'em at bottom any better than the rest.

Second S. I'm speaking from experience, and I know.

If you could put a window-pane in everybody's breast,
You'd see on all the hearts was written—"Rhino!"

Third Verse.

First S. There are girls you can't tempt with a title or gold.

Second S. There may be—but I've never seen one.

First S. Some much prefer love in a cottage, I'm told.

Second S. (putting her arms a-kimbo). If you swallow that, you're a green one!

They'll stick to their lover so long as he's cash,
When it's gone, they look out for a wealthier mash.
A girl on the gush talks unpractical trash—
When it comes to the point, she's a keen one!

Refrain.

First S. Then, are none of us at bottom any better than the rest?

Second S. (cheerfully). Not a bit; I am a girl myself, and I know.

First S. You surely wouldn't give your hand to someone you detest?

Second S. Why, rather—if he's rolling in the Rhino!

Fourth Verse.

First S. Philanthropists give up their lives to the poor.

Second S. It's chiefly with tracts they present them.

First S. Still, some self-denial I'm sure they endure?

Second S. It's their hobby, and seems to content them!

First S. But don't they go into those horrible slums?

Second S. Sometimes—with a flourish of trumpets and drums.

First S. I've heard they've collected magnificent sums.

Second S. And nobody knows how they've spent them!

Refrain.

Second S. Oh, they're none of 'em at bottom any better than the rest!

They are only bigger hypocrites, as I know;
They've famous opportunities for feathering their nest,
When so many fools are ready with the Rhino!

Fifth Verse.

First S. Our Statesmen are prompted by Duty alone.

Second S. (compassionately). Whoever's been rammoning you so?

First S. They wouldn't seek office for ends of their own?

Second S. What else would induce 'em to do so?

First S. But Time, Health, and Money they all sacrifice.

Second S. I'd do it myself at a quarter the price.

There's pickings for all, and they needn't ask twice,
For they're able to put on the screw so!

Refrain (together).

No, they're none of 'em at bottom any better than the rest!

They may kid to their constituents—but I know;

Whatever lofty sentiments their speeches may suggest,

They regulate their actions by the Rhino!

[Here the pair will perform a final step-dance, indicative of enlightened scepticism, and skip off in an effusion of sisterly sympathy, amidst enthusiastic applause.]

NEXT SESSION'S PROGRAMME.

THE business of next Session is already occupying the attention of eminent Statesmen. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN admits that it must be an Irish Session; Lord HARTINGTON stipulates that the Land Question shall be settled before Local Government is grappled with; Mr. BALFOUR promises a Catholic University Endowment Bill; and Mr. GLADSTONE says, "it is only a lightning conductor"—which we trust is Parliamentary language. This is all very well; but the arrangements fundamentally err in leaving Mr. JACOBY out. That great Parliamentary tactician has been attending a public meeting convened at Belper, to urge, in the interest of hand-framework knitters, that all hand-made stockings shall be marked to distinguish them from machine-made goods. Mr. JACOBY has pledged himself that this shall be done. The *Nottingham Guardian* supplies the following report of the Hon. Member's remarks:—

"He hoped it would not be a political question, and that they would be able to get some gentlemen who sat on the other side of the House to support them when the matter came before the House of Commons. However that might be, he had some little experience lately of whipping up Members of Parliament, and it was wonderful what a little experience did in those matters, how easy it was to get to know the innermost thoughts of men when they came to 'whip' them. He should feel it his privilege to use some of the experience he had gained as a whip when the question was before the House of Commons, in order not only to secure a good attendance in the House, but to put a sufficient amount of pressure on the Government."

Every schoolboy, as MACAULAY used to say, will bear testimony to the shrewdness of the remark as to the effect of whipping in drawing forth expression of the innermost thoughts of the person operated upon. The opening sentence appears to indicate an intention on Mr. JACOBY's part to forestall Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in the establishment of a National Party. So that he fills his stockings, he evidently does not care from what part of the House he draws contributions. He gives fair notice to the Government that he intends to have his way in this matter. It is just as well that the notice is timely, so that the Cabinet, in arranging the business of the Session, may put, as it were, their best stocking-leg forward in the endeavour to meet his views. JACOBY's war-cry is: "*A bas everything except les bas!*"

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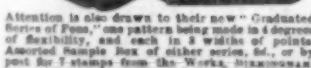
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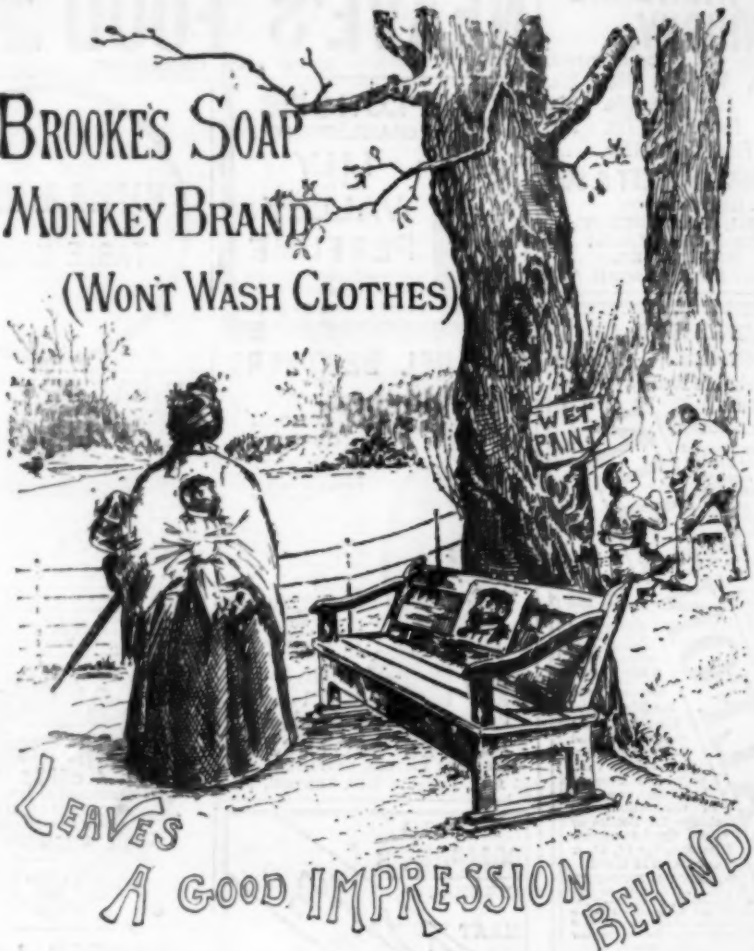
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